

From the London Monthly Magazine.

HUMAN FATE.

A little child, a little child,
Upon its mother's knee,
With dimpled cheek, and laughing eye,
A holy sight to see.
A thoughtless boy, a thoughtless boy,
A truant from the school,
Urging his tiny wooden sloop
On through the glassy pool.
A musing youth, a musing youth,
With eyes fixed on a book,
Where he sees his mistress' face
In her last farewell look.
A gay gallant, a gay gallant,
Hero of club and ball,
His father's pride, his mother's joy,
Admired and loved of all.
A traveller, a traveller,
Returned from foreign strand,
With store of wisdom, culled with care,
For use in his own land.
A happy man, a happy man,
With wife and children round,
And smiling friends, and cheerful home,
Where all pure joys abound.
A patriot, a patriot,
Intent on public good,
Who, in a court's ordeal tried,
Corruption's bait withstood.
A man of woe, a man of woe,
Bankrupt in heart and wealth—
Wife, children, hopes, all in the grave,
A bankrupt, too, in health.
A misanthrope, a misanthrope,
Disgusted with mankind,
Deserter of deceitful friends,
Whom favors could not bind.
A lunatic, a lunatic,
In melancholy mood,
Shrinking from every living thing—
Sighing in solitude.
A burial, a burial,
With none of kin to weep,
Lay the old man 'neath the sod,
To take his last long sleep.
Strange companion, strange companion,
Are these to meet, I ween?
Alas! they are but life's changes,
That in ONE MAN are seen!

A Father to his Daughter on presenting her a Bible.

No diamond bright, or ruby rare,
To grace thy neck, adorn thy hair,
My dearest child I give;
These are vain toys that please awhile,
But like the rainbow's transient smile,
Their beauty cannot live.
This sacred treasure fare more dear
Than diamond, pearl, or ruby clear,
This living gift divine,
A father's love presents to thee.
Oh, may it to thy spirit be
What it has been to mine.
A solace, hope, mourning guide,
Companion constant at thy side;
To check the wrong desire;
A faithful monitor to warn—
Its purity thy soul adorn—
Its promises inspire.

UNIVERSALISM IN FRANCE.

A correspondent of the 'N. Y. Observer,' who is at present in France, thus speaks of a numerous sect of Christians whom he has found in that country. The reader will recollect it is given by a religious opponent, who of course would endeavor to throw odium upon those who believe in the final holiness and happiness of ALL.

"They refuse also to admit the eternity of future misery; they believe only in a temporary punishment, a sort of *protestant purgatory*, whence condemned souls will one day be released and share the happiness of the elect. They explain the new birth by the operation of the Holy Spirit, as only a change of conduct, a natural result of human powers. The other doctrine of revelation are also mutilated by our Socinians and Arians, and when their theological system is attentively examined, it is a mere empty shadow of evangelical truth.

I have said above, that the pastors who adopt Pelagian and Arian opinions, are numerous in France. This fact is unhappily too well established. We could wish it were otherwise, but can we refuse to open our eyes? Can we deny what is known and obvious to all? These pastors are generally well received by infidels; for infidelity readily forms an alliance with Socinianism. Not that our worldly men are generally Socinians; but they love Socinian preachers, because these last resemble themselves much more than the Orthodox, because they announce to them doctrines accommodated to their ruling habits, and, out of Church, do not speak of religion."

Similar passing intelligence to the above, was published by Mr. Dwight a few years ago, in his travels in Germany. He is the son of Dr. Dwight formerly President of Yale College; his statements are deserving the most entire confidence. Their correctness has never been doubted by any. He says,

"The doctrine of the *Eternity of Future Punishment*, is almost UNIVERSALLY REJECTED. I have seen but ONE person in Germany who believed it, and but one other, whose mind was wavering on this subject."

Speaking of the morality of the Universalists in Germany Mr. Dwight says, the people in the large cities are decidedly less immoral than in most of the cities in Europe—and that the people of Germany are a Century in advance of every other nation, in Literature and Science.—[Trumpet.]

EXCELLENT RULES.—The following rules from the private papers of Dr. West, were according to his memorandum, thrown together, as general way-marks in the journey of life.

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to me.

Never show levity where the people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury, till you know the views and motives of the author of it. Nor on any occasion to retaliate.

Never to judge of a person's character by external appearance.

Always to take the part of an *absent person*, who is censured in company, so far as truth and probity will allow.

Never to dispute if I can avoid it.

Not to dispute with a man more than 70 years old; nor with a woman; nor with an enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near to me.

The gospel was designed to save sinners from sin, not from endless misery.

Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.

SCENES OF THE OCEAN.—By BOB BUNTING.

THE CONVOY.

We had been detained in Kingston Harbor for several days, waiting the departure of an English Convoy; the day of sailing had at length arrived, and we were wafted gracefully to sea, by the trade wind, which blew fresh and favorable and promised with its continuance a speedy arrival to the United States. The fleet was composed of at least forty sail; vessels of all nations who had like us sought the convoy's protection, from the many piratical cruisers which at that time infested the shores of the West India Islands. There might have been seen the clumsy Hollander, and the more fragile vessel of Spain, the large unwieldy barque of Russia, and the light Felucca of the Mediterranean, the strong and handsome Englishman, and the beautiful fast sailing vessel of the United States, the high black lugger of Bremen, and the low long cruiser of Portugal; all with their flowing canvas set; gracefully ploughing the green waves of the Atlantic. I had embarked in an American ship bound for the port of Baltimore, a truly noble vessel, and I felt a secret pride thrill my veins, as I cast my eyes along the tapering spars, suffering them to rest on the well trimmed head rigging, and bellying topsail; there was not a brace, stay, or halyard but was drawn tight to its respective place, and the light foot ropes hung in graceful curves from the numerous yards, in beautiful contrast with the running and stationary rigging. On deck every thing presented as neat an appearance as aloft, the guns were newly painted and bound to their places with widely plaited breeching; the deck had been cleared of every fibre of useless matter, and the running rigging hung from the cleats and belaying pins in beautiful coils. When I had finished my survey of her appearance, I turned almost involuntarily towards the stern, and suffered my gaze to fall upon the *star spangled banner*, which rolled in graceful folds from the main gaff—the guardian of all this beauty—the protection of all this elegance.

Our captain was a large and finely moulded man, but the most distant and tacit heing I had ever encountered; he would stand for hours leaning over the taffrail and gazing in the deep blue ocean, as if he could read therein, some dark fascinating page of futurity; his eyes were gray and deeply sunken; yet they glowed with an almost unnatural lustre, and seemed to search and be satisfied with your most secret thought with a glance; to a superficial observer he appeared as being ill calculated to gain the affections of mankind, yet every one on board loved him, and appeared to take pleasure in executing his mandates; there was something so singularly and impressively interesting in the expression of his countenance, something so stern, so noble, and so decisive, that I felt, as I gazed upon him, that his like I should never behold again. As my eyes fell from the banner of my country they encountered his; he had been observing me for some time, and I felt that his penetrating glance was master of my feelings; 'American,' said he, advancing, 'these hands were the first that ever raised you proud banner to a gaff; I fought, bled, and conquered under you stars and stripes, and while the arm that first reared it, is left me, it shall never be lowered to created man.' I could make no answer to his speech but I grasped his hand with a pressure which indicated far more than words could express; after a moment's pause he looked round to observe that none were within hearing, and again resumed, 'Yes, stranger, I once shot a man dead for laying his hands upon the halyards with the intent of striking that proud banner to a foeman.' A fierce, though animated light for a moment illumined his expressive eye, and then turning abruptly away, he strode to a distant part of the quarter deck, with a manner which seemed to forbid intercourse; this singular man made a deep impression upon me, I resolved to study him well during the voyage.

There was a general movement amongst the ship's company, and the eyes of all on board were turned towards the squadron, and then inquiringly on the captain, as if to hear and obey his commands. His Britannic Majesty's ship Pyperion had overhauled the squadron, and informed them by signals, the Duke of Clarence, now William the Fourth, King of England, was on board. In a few minutes the peak of every vessel in the fleet, save ours, was lowered, and for a while nothing was heard on the wide waste of water, but the crackling of sheaves as the haliards sped swiftly through the blocks; peak after peak, fell in honor of the royal passenger, but the gaff of our vessel was motionless, and reared its proud head while all around had submissively fallen. When I learned the cause of this movement, I turned towards the captain and never shall I forget the ghastly smile that at that moment played around his lips. 'Fools!' muttered he, 'uninformed, to do homage to the boy whose father's foot is on their necks—by heavens I'd suffer death before my peak should bow to their effeminate pup of the purple,' and he cast his eyes jealously along the spotless canvas.

'John Bull seldom allows such disrespect as this to go unpunished,' whispered Bob Barnacle, 'see, they are lowering the yawl from the davits for the purpose of boarding us, and if the judgment of old seaman don't deceive him, we shall have some heating of iron before this squall blows over.' 'I hope nothing serious may accrue to us,' said I.

The naval veteran shook his head importantly as he answered, 'the captain is like a Dutch lugger in a blow.' As the veteran concluded, he moved away, leaving me to conjecture the meaning of his mysterious sentence.—Again I turned my attention to the commander, for a moment he regarded the yawl as it left the ship's side, and then flung his arms he continued to pace the quarter deck until its arrival. Our independent bearing had been perceived by the whole squadron, and the eyes of men of more than one nation, were turned upon us with an eye of jealous curiosity. A thrill of national pride traversed my veins as I contemplated the proud sense of freedom we had so nobly displayed; yet we had committed a daring, if not a rash action, and there was no alternative but to follow it up manfully, or disgrace the proud pennons that floated over us, in presence of the citizens of almost all the christian nations of Europe; the dark man who paraded the quarter deck, upon whom was rested the responsibility of our country's honor—his command might exalt

us in the eyes of many a jealous rival, or on the other hand it might render us an object of contempt and ridicule; but at that moment I felt a certainty of conviction, that our commander would honorably finish the work he had so nobly begun. The English yawl had now arrived, and a young midshipman, arrayed in all the naval finery of his nation, ascended the ship's side, and sprang upon the deck.

'Are your peak halyards choked, or has your mizen down hauls given away that you refuse to drop your gaff to his grace the Duke of Clarence?' asked he, as he gazed severally on those around in order to discover the commander.

'Younger, young man,' was the calm reply of our captain.

'Then why have you dared to insult the flag of Great Britain on the high seas?' demanded the youth with an impudent and cocked air. 'Are you not fearful that we will inflict the chastisement you richly deserve?'

A spark of anger flashed in the eyes of our commander, but it instantly passed away, and he calmly replied, 'no boy, I am not fearful of receiving punishment at your hands—nor shall my peak or banner ever be lowered to the cross of England, while I have life to lose in its defense.'

'By Saint George, sir rebel, you speak tauntingly of my country's prowess,' exclaimed the midshipman, 'more such language as that might tempt us to tear that rag of thine from the gaff and trample it beneath our feet.'

This disgraceful allusion to our flag, the lips of our commander quivered with rage, and turning to one of the sturdy seamen that lined the deck he vociferated, 'Barbare, throw that man overboard.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' exclaimed the veteran, and seizing the slight form of the midshipman, he hoisted him over the gunwale and plunged him into the sea beneath.

A roar of laughter ensued among the sons of Neptune, and even the British seamen were observed to chuckle with smothered delight, as they drew him dripping from the briny element and shoved off to return.

When the yawl containing the exasperated midshipman had arrived alongside of the British vessel, a general stir was observed on her decks; her long black yards were swung round, and her bow wore to windward in a straight line with our vessel, and it was evident by their movements that it was their intent to run us down and pour in a broad side. Studding sails, spankers and stay sails—were spreading in all parts of her wide extended rigging, and in a few moments every boom, mast, and stay, was clothed in its respective robe of flowing canvas, yet for nearly an hour, during which she had gained rapidly upon us, we continued our course without adding a sail to those with which we had cleared the harbor. Our commander, who had hitherto stood silently regarding the advancing vessel, turned to the seamen with the usual premonitory command of 'Silence.' In an instant, the murmured hum which arose from the ship's deck, was hushed, and each ear sharpened to catch the following order:—'Clear away the long tom.' 'Ay, ay, sir!' shouted a dozen of the seamen—and in a few moments the gun was prepared for discharging, and the men stood awaiting further orders.

By this time, the advancing ship had approached so near that her bow stay and landyards were seen distinctly relieved from the dark and massive hull; men were observed clambering the shrouds; crowding forward and stationing themselves in the starboard chains, for the purpose of viewing and admiring the saucy Yankee who evinced no disposition either to run away or come to close quarters. Still she swept onwards, and in a few minutes the letters of her name grew legibly detached from the fore-tenting, and the swelling notes of 'Rule Britannia,' were spreading in all parts of her wide extended rigging, and in a few moments every boom, mast, and stay, was clothed in its respective robe of flowing canvas, yet for nearly an hour, during which she had gained rapidly upon us, we continued our course without adding a sail to those with which we had cleared the harbor. Our commander, who had hitherto stood silently regarding the advancing vessel, turned to the seamen with the usual premonitory command of 'Silence.' In an instant, the murmured hum which arose from the ship's deck, was hushed, and each ear sharpened to catch the following order:—'Clear away the long tom.'

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